



The

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OCT. 3, 1956
TWO SHILLINGS

THE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD



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from the original by Ernest Uden

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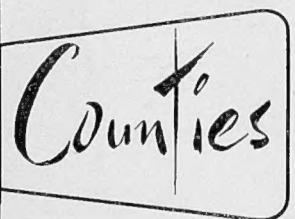
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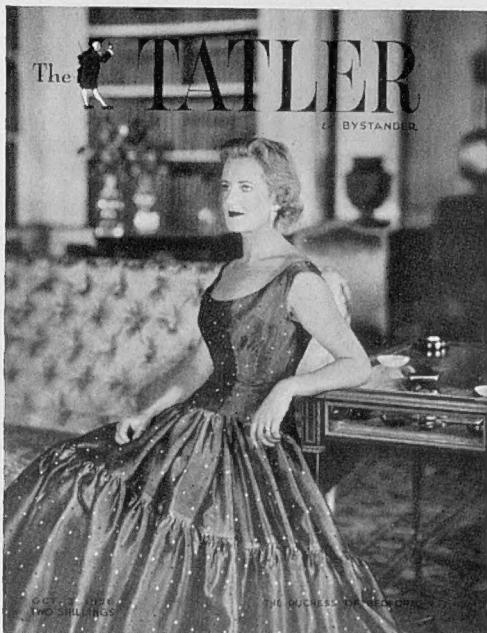


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Barry Swaebe

THE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD, whose portrait appears on the cover, was formerly the Hon. Lydia Yarde-Buller, one of the late Lord Churston's four lovely daughters. She married the Marquess of Tavistock in 1947, and since he succeeded to the Dukedom in 1953 has with him made historic Woburn Abbey one of the nation's great show places. They also spend a good deal of time on their South African farm. The Duke and Duchess have a six-year-old son, and by her marriage to the late Capt. Ian de Hoghton Lyle the Duchess has two children, Miss Lorna Lyle and Sir Gavin Lyle, Bt.

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DIARY OF THE WEEK

From October 3 to October 10

Oct. 3 (Wed.) English Jersey Cattle Society Show and Sale (two days), Reading, Berks.

Dance: Mrs. Rolf Thoresen for Miss Elizabeth Thoresen, in London.

Racing at Newmarket and Haydock Park.

Oct. 4 (Thur.) First night: *The Doctor's Dilemma* at the Saville Theatre.

Dance: The Hon. Mrs. Claude Knight, Mrs. De Salis and Mrs. Robert Buxton for Miss Patricia Knight, Miss Lucinda De Salis and Miss Lavinia Buxton, at 6 Belgrave Square.

Racing at Newmarket and Haydock Park.

Oct. 5 (Fri.) Scottish Kennel Club Championship Show (two days), Edinburgh.

Dinner: Exeter College and Association dinner at the Oxford and Cambridge University Club, London.

Dance: Mrs. William Tufton for Miss Jennifer Tufton at Crowbury House, Watton-at-Stone, Herts.

Order of St. John Autumn Ball at the Guards' Boat Club, Maidenhead.

Racing at Newbury.

Oct. 6 (Sat.) Association Football: Ireland v. England at Belfast.

Racing at Newbury and Catterick Bridge, steeplechasing at Uttoxeter and Carlisle.

Oct. 7 (Sun.) Racing in France: Arc de Triomphe at Longchamp.

Oct. 8 (Mon.) Society of Sussex Painters Exhibition (to November 3), Worthing, Sussex.

The Lord's Taverners Ball at Grosvenor House.

Racing at Nottingham and steeplechasing at Fontwell Park and Carlisle.

Oct. 9 (Tues.) Cambridge go up.

Horse of the Year Show (to 13th), Harringay Arena, London.

Siamese Cat Club Championship, Seymour Hall, Seymour Place.

Golf: Palace Hotel, Torquay, Professional Tournament (to 11th), Torquay, Devon.

Racing at Nottingham, steeplechasing at Fontwell Park.

Oct. 10 (Wed.) Athletics: London Clubs' Floodlit Athletic Match, London v. Budapest, at the White City.

Racing at Lingfield Park and York (both two days).



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TWO SHILLINGS
Volume CCXXII. No. 2882

OCT. 3
1956



Clayton Evans

A youthful Scottish marquess

GUY DAVID, Marquess of Bowmont and Cessford, is the son and heir of the ninth Duke of Roxburghe and the Duchess of Roxburghe. He will be two years old on November 18 next. This photograph was taken in the drawing-room of his father's seat,

Floors Castle, Kelso. The present Duke, who succeeded his father in 1932, is a Major in the Royal Horse Guards. He is one of the greatest of the Scottish landowners, his estates covering some 60,500 acres. The Dukedom dates from 1701



Fayer

MR. AND MRS. J. N. BUTTERWICK at their wedding reception held at Hall Barn, Beaconsfield, home of Lord and Lady Burnham. The group includes the groom's parents Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. C. Butterwick, and Mr. and Mrs. John Hull Scott, bride's parents

Social Journal

Jennifer

HORSE TRIALS IN YORKSHIRE

THE Duke of Edinburgh left Balmoral and piloting a four-engined Heron aeroplane, flew down to Yorkshire to attend the last two days of the Three Day Horse Trials at Harewood.

H.R.H. who is president of the British Horse Society, stayed with the Princess Royal at Harewood House for this event. The Princess is president of the Harewood Horse Trials. The Earl and Countess of Harewood are vice-presidents; and generously allow the trials to take place in the magnificent park and the adjoining woods and land around Harewood which make a perfect setting. Sir Victor Sassoon another vice-president also kindly allows the British Horse Society the use of the stud at Harewood for this event.

The Masters of the Bramham Moor, Holderness, Hurworth, Zetland, York and Ainsty (south), Middleton, and Middleton East, Badsworth, Grove and Rufford, Bedale, Sennington, Pendle Forest and Craven Hunts kindly lent their hunt staff, beautifully mounted. In their pink coats they added a great splash of colour to the scene; and were invaluable in keeping the course clear. Many members of the local hunts worked untiringly as course stewards at jumps and other strategic points to make the trials a success.

This year a most interesting and ingenious cross-country course of seventeen miles had been laid out, which though hard to negotiate, happily caused no serious grief. All the horses that started completed the course. Much of the credit for this goes to Mr. F. H. Aykroyd, clerk of the course who, with Mr. J. R. Hindley, M.H., the chairman Capt. N. A. Ussher who is agent at Harewood, and Mr. L. E. Snowden, the indefatigable secretary of the trials, make up the very efficient directive committee of this well run event. These three-day trials, on consecutive days, were the first to be held in this country since the Equestrian Olympic Games at Stockholm where our team so gloriously put Great Britain at the head of the equestrian world. The standard at

Harewood was high and one feels it was perhaps the first move towards repeating our success at the next Equestrian Olympics at Rome in 1960. Such well-known competitors as Lt.-Col. Frank Weldon on his Kilbarry, Mr. Bertie Hill on H.M. the Queen's Countryman III (now owned by Mr. David Somerset), and Mr. Marsh's Wild Venture ridden by Major Laurence Rook, who constituted our team in Stockholm, were not competing at Harewood.

However we saw an outstanding performance by the winner of the whole event, the nine-year-old High and Mighty, ridden by his twenty-year-old owner, Miss Sheila Willcox of Lytham St. Anne's. High and Mighty finished with the amazing points of plus 18·03, which I think must be nearly a record. He finished first in the dressage, first in the cross-country and endurance and had a clear round in the jumping on the final day! High and Mighty and his young owner thus won not only the *Yorkshire Post* challenge cup and £150 prize money, but also a challenge cup for the rider of the winning horse, presented by the Harrogate Corporation, and a challenge cup presented by Lt.-Col. Percy Legard for the competitor gaining the best marks in the dressage test.

SECOND prize also went to a woman, Miss Penelope Moreton riding Lt.-Col. Hume Dudgeon's six-year-old Korbovs who is only 15·2 hands. His ancestry is interesting; his sire was an Arab and his dam a Connemara pony. The third place in the Harewood trials was filled by Lt.-Cdr. John Oram on his Copperplate, who was reserve for the British team in Stockholm. Commander Oram, who is one of our most enthusiastic riders, rode two horses in the event which meant on the second day he covered 34½ miles and negotiated 108 obstacles! His second mount was Mrs. "Babe" Moseley's Trident on which he finally finished sixth.

The Duke of Edinburgh who presented the rosettes and cups to the Horse Trial winners took great interest in the cross-country

obstacles and went from point to point of the course, sometimes in a Land-Rover as did the Princess Royal. With the latter were the Earl and Countess of Harewood and the Hon. Gerald and Mrs. Lascelles. The Harewoods' eldest son, Viscount Lascelles, was with them some of the time and often took his Granny's hand to go and look at one of the jumps.

EVERYONE was much amused on the second day at rather an original jumping event. This was the National Hunt Jockeys speed jumping stakes, which was won by Dave Dick on Prince Browney. Wearing the colours of owners they have ridden for, among the well-known jockeys competing were Tim Molony, Bryan Marshall, J. Power, T. Cusack, and R. Scudamore who acted with great promptness when his mount, Niblick, caught a hind leg in one of the wings. He thus avoided what might have been a nasty accident.

As High and Mighty was outstanding in the Horse Trials, so was Miss Ann Morley's cob Nugget in the jumping events. On the first day ridden by his young owner who comes from Mickleover, Derby, Nugget won the ladies' jumping championship of the North defeating Earls-rath Rambler ridden by Miss Dawn Palethorpe by one second after a jump off. Later that day ridden by Mr. John Walmsley he won the Yorkshire Trial Stakes for which there were over fifty entries. On the second day again ridden by Mr. John Walmsley he won the Harewood Grand Stakes. On the final day he surpassed himself by winning the Cock of the North jumping championship after six jumps off.

At the Horse Trials I saw Mr. Robert Hanson, M.F.H., supervising at one of the cross-country obstacles, Lord Irwin, Lt.-Col. "Babe" Moseley, Lt.-Col. Mike Ansell, and Major Laurence Rook who made up the jury of appeal, Mr. Dorian Williams, who as always was a most efficient announcer, Mrs. Bryan Marshall who was one of the B.S.J.A. judges, and Major Roger Ingham, High Sheriff of Yorkshire who was making a tour of his section of the course. His gay and attractive wife was among the early spectators at the very catchy fourth obstacle, the ha-ha into the wood, where I also met Mr. Philip Pease in his usual tremendous form, Mr. Tim Bishop and his pretty wife who were helping to keep the jump clear, Mrs. Daphne Carr-Ellison, Mrs. Bill Benson down from Northumberland and Major Dick Jaffray.

Lady Ann Bowlby was busy helping at the water jump where I had a word with the Hon. Mrs. Micklethwaite and her daughter Imogen, Major "Copper" Blackett whose pretty wife and daughter were also at the trials, and Mrs. Bay Garle a former Master of the Silverton hounds.

ABIG crowd had collected down at the lake where competitors had to jump a small post and rails in the water, or go round the end of the hazard in slightly deeper water, which was perhaps a slower but surer way, then take a bank out of the lake and jump a tree trunk on top. Here I met Major and Mrs. Ronnie Stanyforth just back from an enjoyable week's shooting in Scotland, Major and Mrs. Christopher Yorke, vivacious and bright Miss Susan Berry, Miss Angela Courage, Lady Ropner and her daughters, Merle and Virginia, and her sister-in-law Mrs. Robert Ropner with her daughter, Miss Mary Hays who, like Merle Ropner, is making her début next year.

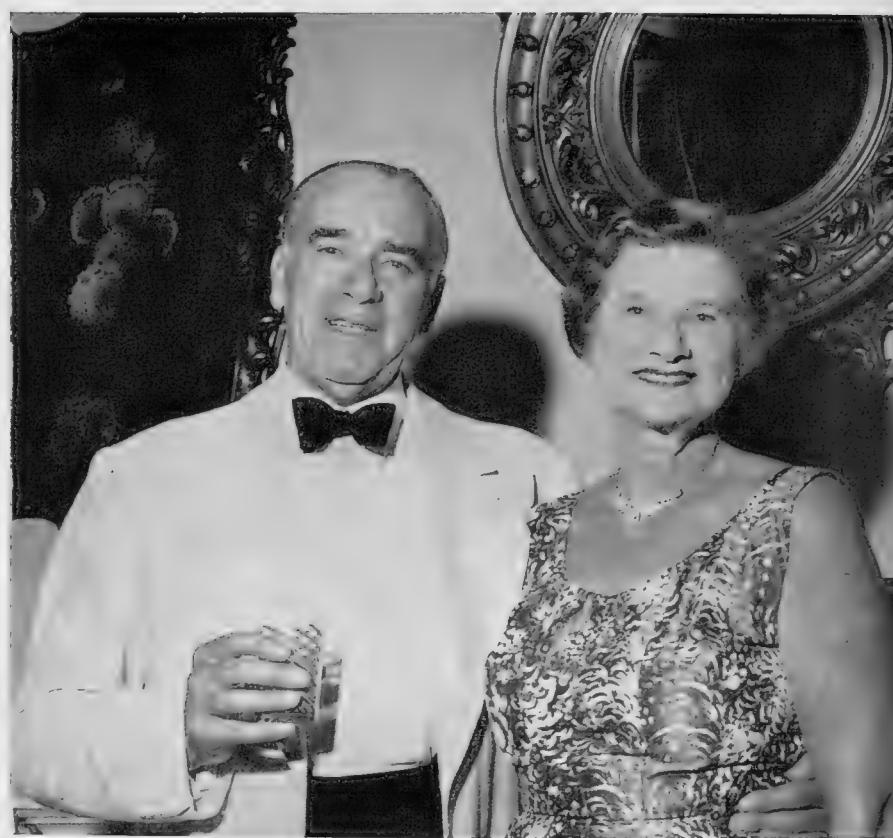
We had a very welcome cup of tea in a large marquee where Lt.-Col. Tetley and officers of the Yorkshire Dragoons were dispensing hospitality each day. Here I saw Kate Lady Graham and her son and daughter, Jeremy and Susan, Mrs. Christopher Leyland sitting talking to Mrs. Charles Eade, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Joe Goodheart and their very pretty daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Fife, and Sir William and Lady Brooksbank.

Lord Grimthorpe was watching some of the programme as were Lt.-Gen. Sir Colin Barber, Sir William Worsley whose son Oliver was officiating at one of the fences, Mr. Kenneth Parkinson, Master of the Bramham Moor and the Hon. Mrs. Parkinson who have a daughter coming out next year. Mrs. Laurence Rook was talking to Lt.-Cdr. and Mrs. Loram in the car park. I met Mrs. Malcolm Wombwell, Miss Sarah Oldfield and Miss Belinda Lloyd who was sitting with Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Percy Legard and their daughter Sarah. She like Belinda also makes her début next year. Miss Diana Wainman, staying with her uncle Major Roger Ingham, was having a long talk to Miss Felicity Lane Fox who had been busy helping with preparations for these horse trials.

Others I saw among the big number of people present were Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Eddie Studd, Brig. J. E. Swetenham who was a member of the executive committee, Mrs. Curzon-Herrick and her attractive daughter Marigold, Sir Victor Sassoon and Col. and Mrs. "Pudding" Williams.

Also to be seen were the Hon. Celia and the Hon. Isabel Monckton, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Frank Weldon, Mr. Duncan Macleod, Sir Alfred Aykroyd, Mrs. Greenwood and her son Bernard, Miss K. Tatham-Warter who was fourth in the horse trials riding Mrs. Bulkeley's Pampas Cat, and Major Derek Allhusen who was fifth on his nice six year old bay mare Laurien which is by Davy Jones.

[Continued overleaf]



Pioneer aviator, Mr. Claude Grahame-White celebrated his seventy-eighth birthday in the South of France this year. There in his home at the Villa Quieta, appropriately perched at Roquebrune, guests toasted the continued good health of their host. Above, Mr. Claude Grahame-White, with his wife, makes a short speech of thanks

Mr. Philip Distillator and the Marquesa de Polignac

Mme. Anita Jonas was sitting with Mr. Eric White



Desmond O'Neill

Mme. Politoff and Mrs. Pamela Scott-Callingham

Mrs. Emil Vardi and Mrs. J. M. Lawton were also guests



A. V. Swaebe

MR. AND MRS. GEORGE WYNDHAM'S four children, William, aged sixteen, Sylvana, twelve, Katherine, nine, and Edmund, two, walking in the wild garden of their medieval home, Orchard Wyndham, Somerset. Their father, in the Indian Civil Service during the war, devotes his time now to county affairs. His wife was formerly Miss Anne Hodder-Williams

JUST before Harewood I had a week's holiday which I spent very quietly relaxing in glorious hot sunshine on the island of Corsica. I stayed at the extremely comfortable Hotel Napoleon Bonaparte at Ile Rousse on the North Coast. To get there I flew across from Nice in less than an hour to Calvi where there is a small and rather primitive aerodrome, but quite adequate for the size of plane that so far lands there. The bigger planes from Nice and Marseilles which run daily land much further south on the west coast at Ajaccio, and there is another aerodrome at Bastia.

You can of course also go by boat from Marseilles, Toulon or Nice to many parts of the island. Ile Rousse is a most picturesque old town created about 1769, with old stone or terra cotta coloured buildings and very old tiles on the roofs. It is set in a bay with a harbour and a long stretch of silvery sand bordering the brilliant blue sea with a wonderful panorama of rugged mountains in the background. I did see mimosa flowering but otherwise there are not many flowers on the island at this time of year (mid September) but I was told that in the spring they are beautiful. I personally spent the six days on the beach bathing and sunbathing and early to bed, but for those who are more energetic there is tennis, very amusing 18-hole miniature golf which I played several evenings, a little casino, and many excursions to be taken to other parts of the island.

The hotel which is open from April 1 to October 1 each year is airy and modern with delightful *décor* throughout. It was originally an old family château and was only converted to a hotel in 1936. The staff are practically all French, the cuisine excellent, and we were not served any of local specialities, such as Stuffedat, a stew of kid or blackbird! Baron Henry von Thyssen and Miss Fiona Campbell Walter (now his bride) and her mother and two young brothers came in to lunch one day. At Calvi airport on my return I met Mr. and Mrs. Peter Maxwell Stuart who had been spending part of their honeymoon in Calvi which they had found enchanting. I stayed two nights on the Riviera on my way home and here the weather was still blissful,

and everyone bathing and sunbathing the third week in September.

HAVING been in Monte Carlo this September I cannot understand why more English people don't come down to this lovely coast later. They rush down for two or three weeks at the end of July or early August, when everywhere is packed, principally by the French, who mostly have to take their holidays in August as so many shops and businesses in the cities close for a holiday during that month. In September it has calmed down and you can enjoy the beaches, restaurants and the casinos in comfort, not forgetting the roads which in August are a nightmare along the coast.

Viscount Rothermere, who has a beautiful villa at Monte-Carlo, always waits until September and this year arrived down at the end of the first week. The Hon. Langton Iliffe and his wife came at the end of the second week to join his father at his villa at Roquebrune, and on my way home I heard Viscount and Viscountess Kemsley, who had moved into Monte Carlo from Nice, had decided to stay on a further week in the sun. They were all joined down there by Sir Winston Churchill who is staying at a villa near by. All hope the warmth and sunshine will continue down there during this month so that he can spend some restful and happy hours painting.

★ ★ ★

IN a stiff white satin dress, with her short tulle veil held in place by a circlet of gardenias, Miss Joanna Fairtlough, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lance Fairtlough, made a very pretty bride when she married Mr. Michael Bridges Webb, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bridges Webb, at St. James's, Piccadilly, which was decorated with yellow chrysanthemums, yellow gladioli and flame coloured carnations for the occasion. Her two bridesmaids, Miss Diana Mathews and Miss Diana Summerhayes, wore long light blue silk dresses with flame coloured flowers in

their hair. The best man was Mr. Christopher Lever who, incidentally, was christened in this church where his parents Sir Tresham and Lady Lever were also married.

The reception was held at Claridge's where Mr. and Mrs. Fairtlough, the latter in a dark blue and white printed silk suit and cherry red cap, received their guests with Mr. Bridges Webb and his wife who looked very nice in a wine red faille dress and little velvet cap to match. As both the bride and bridegroom are sailing enthusiasts there were many of their friends from Cowes, Hayling Island and Itchenor at the wedding. Among them Mr. Norman Moore, commodore of the Swallow Class Sailing Club who proposed their health. It was Mr. Moore who introduced Michael and Joanna at Cowes two years ago when the bride was crewing for him. He said sadly how he had lost every race but one since Joanna had left him and joined Michael's boat!

Cdr. Graham Mann who sails the Duke of Edinburgh's Bluebottle was present, also Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Mansell who sail at Bembridge and Cowes. M. Al-Askari the Minister Plenipotentiary for Iraq was talking to Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Minney who have just returned from the East, the bride's uncle Mr. Ware and his wife were there, also the bridegroom's sister Mrs. Michael Thomson and her husband who have just moved into a new house near Pulborough where he is going to farm.

Others included Sir John Weir, an old friend of the bridegroom's family, Viscount and Viscountess Chelmsford, Miss Sheldon and Miss Bird, the founders of the bride's school at Benenden, Sir Charles and Lady Collingwood, Vice-Admiral A. G. Crawford and his daughter Deidre, Robertson Hare amusing friends around him as much as he does on the stage, Mrs. Darwin and her daughter Jane, Mrs. Eric Taylor who is a qualified lawyer like Mrs. Worsley and her sister Miss Susan Clark who were also at the wedding, Col. and Mrs. Roderick and Mr. Monier Williams and his wife. He is solicitor and clerk to the Tallow Chandlers Company, one of the oldest City companies of which the bridegroom's father is a member of the court. The vicar of St. James's, the Rev. J. S. Brewis who married the young couple, was a master at Eton when the bridegroom, best man and several of the ushers, and young guests were at school there, so it was quite an old Etonian gathering.



THREE was an air of excitement when *Under Milk Wood* by the late Dylan Thomas opened at the New Theatre. The author originally wrote this piece, which is set in a Welsh seaside town, for the wireless, to be seen not heard and the biggest part is taken by the Narrator a rôle admirably filled by Donald Houston. He is ably supported by a cast of thirty who have all been cleverly directed by Douglas Cleverdon and Edward Burnham. I personally was greatly entertained by the piece. Among the audience on the first night were the Swedish Ambassador who stopped to have a word with Mr. Henry Sherek who has presented the play and the Hon. Mrs. Sherek, very good looking in black velvet and pearls.

Sir Bronson Albery was in the box above and in the interval I met Lady Doughty, widow of the late Sir Charles Doughty, Q.C., who had just returned from a cruise in the Mediterranean, and Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Miller who have been visiting friends in Scotland this summer. Also in the audience were Lady Sterling, Rose Marchioness of Headfort, Mr. Peter Coats, Mr. Ian Fleming very good looking in black, and Miss Phyllis Monkman.

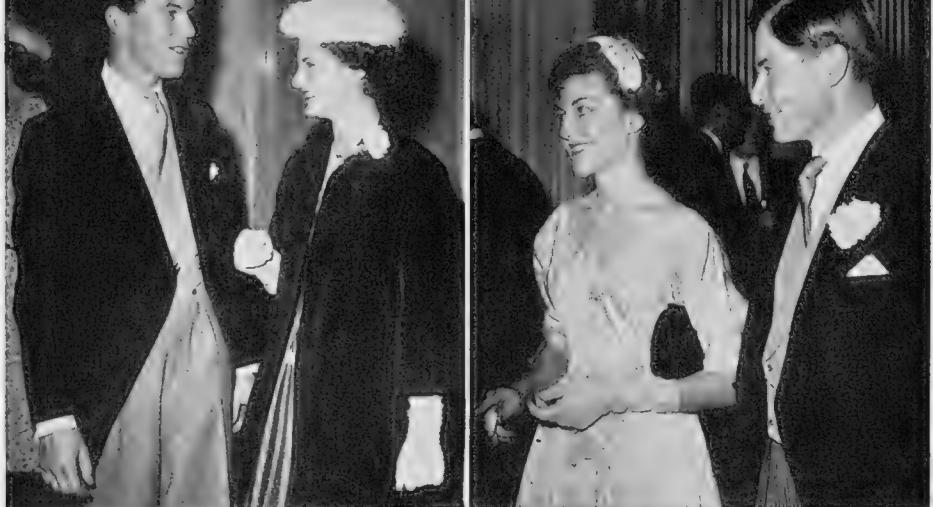
FROM friends who were up in Scotland last month for some of the Scottish balls I hear that the two balls at Portree in the Island of Skye, were the greatest fun. Tartan shawls, branches of rowan berries and bunches of heather decorated the hall in the true highland fashion. Mr. Ian Hilleary was largely responsible for the smooth running arrangements of the balls. Besides the excellent professional dance band there was the brilliant amateur Kyle-Laidley band who took over several times during the evening. Two members of this amateur band are John Macleod of Macleod and Patrick Wolridge-Gordon (twin grandsons of Dame Flora Macleod of Macleod) who had their coming of age ball at Dunvegan a few days earlier. Dame Flora Macleod, one of the great personalities of the North, was present, also her daughter Mrs. Wolridge-Gordon and Mrs. Robert Wolridge-Gordon who before her marriage last July was Miss Rosemary Abel-Smith.

Others who enjoyed these balls were Mr. Jacko Macleod, the Member for Ross and Cromarty and his wife who brought their daughter Carol, and his nephews Mr. Duncan and Mr. Jerry Macleod, and Miss Sally Whitelaw who looked charming in white satin. Viscountess Gough brought a party, as did Lady Munro of Lindertis who had her sister, Mrs. Kemp-Welch with her and their daughters Miss Fiona Munro and Miss Penelope Kemp-Welch. Also in their party were Miss Penelope Hanbury in white, Miss Marion Macintosh, Col. Harvey, the Hon. Nicholas Hopkinson and Mr. Alan Macintosh. In other parties were Viscount Fincastle, Miss Susan Dewhurst, Miss Caroline Dowding, Mr. Robin Hill, Miss Diana Child, Miss Lavina Day, Miss Marigold Broadhurst and Miss Dorinda Percival.



A PRINCESS IN AFRICA

PRINCESS MARGARET is seen here at the beginning of her most successful visit to East Africa. With Her Royal Highness are the Governor of Kenya, the Hon. Sir Evelyn Baring, and Lady Mary Baring, in the sunlit garden of Government House at Mombasa, which stands on a promontory overlooking the blue of the Indian Ocean



Mr. R. Taylor-Young and
Miss Mary Martineau

Mrs. R. B. Bridges and Mr.
Christopher Lever

PICCADILLY WEDDING

MR. MICHAEL BRIDGES WEBB and his bride, Miss Joanna Fairtlough, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lance Fairtlough, after their wedding at St. James's, Piccadilly. A reception was held at Claridge's and included many of their sailing friends



Miss Diana Mathew and Miss Diana
Summerhayes

Mr. M. Thomson, Mrs. Thomson, Mr.
N. Moore and Mrs. Moore



Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Bridges Webb and
Mr. and Mrs. L. Fairtlough

Mrs. Davies, with Mrs. Kenneth Winckles and Mr. John Davies



Mrs. Bailey, Mr. K. Crosthwaite, Mrs. Crosthwaite and Cdr. Val Bailey



MARRIAGE AT PENN

MR. JAMES ARCHIBALD with his bride, the former Miss Sheila Stafford, daughter of Mrs. Vera Stafford, after their marriage at Holy Trinity, Penn, Bucks. The reception was held at the bridegroom's home, The Old Vicarage, Penn



Cherril Barron, Joan Kemp and Lindsey Barron bridal attendants



Mr. Earl St. John and Mrs. St. John were among the wedding guests



Mr. John Gaze and Mrs. Gaze who were watching friends arrive

Desmond O'Neill



Alan Williams

RUGGER—THE MANLY SPORT FOR WIVES

J. E. MORPURGO, Director of the National Book League, here shows that he is no bookworm by the percipient manner in which he has observed his fellow enthusiasts of the rugby game—with special attention to the ladies



Alan Williams

THE life of a woman, so we men are given to understand, is a hymn of self-sacrifice. For her husband she robs herself of the promise of a career. She passes lonely days at scrubbing and cooking, and as lonely evenings in attempting to read the back of her husband's newspaper. Her friends are banished by the winds of her husband's distaste; first his companions and then her children's she must accept as her own.

All this, I am sure, is a fable wrought by female ingenuity. I have always envied my wife and other men's wives their freedom from the monotony of business, their liberty from the rule of the desk-diary; when I listen to my wife's friends I can but feel that it is for her fortunate that she sees far more of mine.

But on Saturday afternoons in the winter I am almost convinced of the reality of female martyrdom. Then it is that thousands of wives and wives some-day-to-be wrap themselves in figure-destroying clothes, and brave the complexion-wrecking winds in order to accompany their husbands and might-be-trapped-into-being husbands on a journey back to boyhood. One sees and hears them, young, shrill and hopeful on the touchline of the Extra C game; one sees them—but does not hear them for their voices are lost in the overwhelming masculine roar—older now but still lonely in the stands at Twickenham or Murrayfield.

WATCHING tennis women are in their own element, for this is a game they know. Cricket has the grace of ballet, the ease which comes with sun and setting; the struggle in the middle is but part of its pleasure, surrounded as it is by colour, luxury and gaiety as relaxed as a promenade in a Victorian spa; and, for sociability, there is always the lunch interval and the tea interval. At the races, at polo, the female spectator can be at once elegant, charming and informed.

But rugby football is played in circumstances which deny the possibilities of elegance, where there are 50,000 people in fixed positions there can be no chance to charm; and, as any male enthusiast will affirm, the thrills of watching rugby football are thrills of memory. Though his own achievements may never have placed him higher in the football hierarchy than his school second fifteen, the spectator feels once more the horrors of actuality as eight enormous Welsh forwards beat down on the solitary full-back, his the shame when the wing three-quarter muffs a pass

though the line is at his mercy, and his the suspense and the glory when that snapped drop at goal hits the upright and drops, slowly but oh so slowly, over the bar. Though there are some women who in girlhood have acted as tackling dummies for their brothers, and even some mothers who have taught their sons to fall on the ball, the full excitement and the full release which comes with transfer of personality and experience can never be theirs.

How then to get the most out of the inevitable? Such hints as I can give must be many of them negative.

Never ask a question unless you already know the answer. Your companion is back in his boyhood and far more easily shamed than is the adult you were with last night by the stupidities of his family. You are expected to know that the object of the game is to touch the ball down behind the opposition line, that a try is worth three points, a conversion into a goal two more, and a dropped-goal three points.

IT is no good whispering your question for you will not be heard, but you may shout as loud as you like "What on earth was that for?" when the referee gives a penalty kick against your own side, for this will convince your husband that you are both wise and loyal and will serve as a substitute for his own expletives—a safer substitute if you are surrounded by giant supporters of the other side. You may ask, too, about the more obscure decisions, for then your husband will be able to demonstrate how up-to-date he is by explaining the new offside rule, how mature he is by telling you that, in his opinion, it has ruined the game, and how skilful he once was by describing how as a wing-forward he used to settle the hash of Key and Kershaw.

At a representative match never question the wisdom of the selectors unless you are sure that your husband's old school or old club has a player who might have been chosen in the place of that feeble-seeming centre or that leaden-footed full back. If this is not so he will fail to defend you against the loud-muttered abuse of the centre's father who happens to be sitting behind you or the full back's former schoolmaster who is your neighbour to the front. Remember: there are 50,000 men here and the chances are they all know each other.

In the moments of real agony which come with colds or over-indulgence we have the right to demand of our wives that they should lavish upon us the feminine gifts of concern and sympathy, yet, as all men know, women make up the more brutal and ruthless of the two sexes. The man-made custom of the rugger crowd demands of its female members that they should control these paradoxical traits in their natures. The loose scrum clears and leaves one player writhing miserably upon the ground. The highly-educated spectator mutters "Number 14" and looks dispassionately at his programme. His wife, unless she is well-trained, is apt to shriek her sorrow at the sight of obvious pain, or, if the player is an opponent, her exultation at the increased possibility of victory. Either way she is damned.

And here a note for mothers on preparatory-school touch-lines. The injured player, as yet un-numbered and un-programmed is to you immediately recognizable. Your apron strings are still sticky from his hands; yet in a few months you have both travelled into Sparta; neither by word nor, certainly, by movement may you betray your anxiety, for such betrayal is treachery which no one, least of all your son, will ever forgive. Generally you may be comforted by the thought that though rugby football looks violent the fatalities are few.

NEVER admire the appearance of a footballer. Refer to a good looking player and you compliment not his looks but skill, and though the words "handsome," "beautiful" and even "pretty" are quite permissible at a football match, all have for the football crowd a sense quite different from their meaning to the cinema audience.

As positive advice, above all sharpen the memory. When, in defiance of all that he was taught at his private school the wing three-quarter runs back and round instead of heading straight for the line, he can be said to be "doing an Obolensky," and your use of the phrase sets you among the happy many who saw his unorthodox try against the All Blacks. Their number grows with the years; as the Mayflower would have sunk if all had been aboard whose descendants make a claim for them, so the Twickenham stands must have collapsed if all had been present who now remember how Prince Obolensky defeated New Zealand.

Alert the eyes. Come early to the ground and study the ties. Knowledge here is invaluable—and not necessarily weighted to the same precedence as the cravatology of Jermyn Street. Here Old Etonian stands for little and Old Wykehamist for nothing. Sombre Vincents is high and gayer Hawks rates a perceptibly imperceptible curtsey; but the broken red and white upon blue of Rosslyn Park is aristocracy supreme; Heriots F.P., Cardiff, Northampton, Old Blue, Old Cranleighan and Old Alleynian more prominent and more eminent than Guards Brigade or M.C.C.

FOR the game itself. The game will have its way, for of all games rugby football is the most dramatic, the most surprising and, to the willing spectator, the most relaxing. Surrender to its broken rhythms, its fine moments of courage and clashing opportunism, its bitter disappointments and voice exhausting, breath exhausting thrills and enjoyment is inevitable.

On this subject as on no other cynicism must eventually give way to epic. The mud-spattered scrum holding out on the five-yard line is of the stuff of Thermopylae, Corunna and Dunkirk. The bullet pass firm thrown and clean taken is as beautiful as a well-turned rhyme. A shoulder to thigh tackle in full run is the ultimate symbol of conflict between giants. And the final Olympian whistle for "no-side" is accompaniment to a glorious song: we have willed our side to victory, we can do no more. They have won or they have lost.

Lest it be thought that there is a bachelor-manqué behind all that I have written, lest I leave my readers with the notion that I would not have wives and wives-to-be in the rugger crowd let me admit finally and firmly that I know no better judge of football than my own wife and that I would never dream of going to Twickenham without her—even if she would allow it.





Roundabout

• Cyril Ray

CUSTER'S Last Stand has always fascinated me—even before I found myself, in recent years, talking to Americans who remembered it, notable among them the lady, living now in Kensington, daughter of a United States Secretary of War, who was already old enough that day in 1876 to store in her memory her father's coming home and saying to her mother, "My dear, do you remember that charming young General Custer who dined with us last year in Washington? I'm afraid I have terrible news for you. . . ."

There is much about Major-General George Armstrong Custer in a remarkable book on the Indian wars written, I think,

some years ago, but only just now published in England, by Foulshams: Paul Wellman's *Death On The Prairie*. And matched against the dashing, curly-haired cavalryman, Custer, melodramatically given to picturesque variations on the formal uniform of a general officer in the United States Army (just as that other former horse-soldier, General Patton, was in our own time), are the two stern, stoical Indian heroes—Sitting Bull, patriot and politician, and Crazy Horse, "generous and brave, of few words and great deeds . . . he was to the Sioux what the great Robert E. Lee was to that other lost cause—the Confederacy."

One of the more appealing aspects of

contemporary historical thinking in the United States—reflected in popular films and light literature—is the rehabilitation of the Indian chiefs, no longer regarded as the treacherous savages that propaganda once painted them, but as leaders of their people, and a readiness to face the facts about such paleface scamps as Colonel Chivington, the Methodist preacher turned bushwhacker and butcher, whose massacre of the Cheyennes was sweepingly condemned by Congress, and such traders as the one who cheated the Sioux, and told them to eat grass.

How long ago it seems! And yet when I talked to Bernard Berenson, lapped in Mediterranean sunshine on a Tuscan

hillside, of how Custer and his two brothers and two hundred officers and men were all slaughtered by the Sioux at the Little Big Horn on June 25, 1876, the art critic and scholar said (as I have recorded in these notes before now), "You may not remember it, Ray, but I do." And well he might: it all happened on his eleventh birthday.

Did I say, how long ago it seems? I should have said that there are times when it seems to have been only yesterday.

* * *

ANOTHER book I have been pleasurable dipping into lately is Guy Endore's *King Of Paris*, a fictional biography of the elder Dumas, and much more readable and authentic-seeming than I usually find fictional biographies to be.

As a man who earns his living by writing—though a less lavish living than Alexandre Dumas achieved—I have every sympathy with the author's refusal to write letters: "I'm too well paid for whatever I write to fold it up and mail it off to a single reader...." And I liked his reply to the countess who objected that his autobiography left out all the most interesting parts of his life: "Don't you realize," said Dumas, "that nowadays even little girls are taught to read?"

* * *

IT is both courageous and far-sighted of Guy Prince, the chairman of Lebègue, to institute this year, for the first time, a ladies' day at his annual series of French wine-tastings.

The Lebègue tastings, held in the great cellars under London Bridge station, are already the most extensive in the world: to set aside one day—today, in fact—on which the only men in the cellars will be the French château owners, makes them historic.

Last year, when women were still not admitted, any more than they are at the great tastings in France, Marghanita Laski wrote, and with justice, "this, after all, was something I knew something of and cared about a lot. Surely, in no matter how esoteric a temple, the humblest worshipper may still have a place?"

Miss Laski's plea—perhaps among others—has been heard. After all, those

days are gone when our womenfolk were regarded as little geese who knew of nothing more subtle than a gin-and-it with a cherry in it, or "I don't care what it is, so long as it's dry," as the sub-debs are taught at those ghastly finishing schools. I have dined with many a woman whose instinct and palate I have envied, and who has wanted only the experience and the instruction—today being nobly provided—to be as scholarly as any of the men with whom I have discussed, over the years, bottles of this and that. Women, generally speaking, smoke less than men do, and are afflicted less with sinus and respiratory troubles: they are thus granted better noses for wine—as many have better hands for a horse—than their husbands and brothers.

I speak what I know, for it is to my wife that I owe my present affectionate interest in the great wines of Germany: I hope that the Berncasteler Doktor we have drunk together in our time, and at Berncastel itself, won't have spoiled her for this afternoon's Château Yquems—and that she won't leave lipstick on her glass.

* * *

I DON'T suppose that Lebègue will be including that red wine labelled "Rochdale" that a *Manchester Guardian* reader has discovered in a Paris co-op shop, named in honour of the grimy Lancashire town where the co-operative movement began. Hitherto known chiefly as the birthplace of Gracie Fields and as the town with the heaviest precipitation of atmospheric solids—in other words, as the dirtiest town in England—Rochdale now has the distinction of providing an even unlikelier name for a wine than that which sought to frenchify the local hell-brew I once drank at Shepheard's Hotel in Cairo—"Clos des Pyramides."

The *Manchester Guardian* wonders where "Rochdale" actually comes from: what puzzles me more is how the French pronounce it.

* * *

HAVE the English ceased altogether to eat fresh vegetables? Duty took me the other day to Bournemouth and the Isle of Wight. Luncheon at Bournemouth offered me tinned or frozen peas, and no

alternative; dinner at Yarmouth (and at a hotel mentioned in the Good Food Guide) offered me tinned or frozen peas, and no fresh, green alternative. There was no salad, and when I asked for grilled tomatoes with my chop, instead, I was given half a raw tomato, neither cooked nor dressed.

At luncheon in Newport, next day, my steak was garnished with two pickled-looking tinned tomatoes, half-warmed through, though the greengrocer's shop next door was heaped with good green vegetables, and fresh, locally-grown tomatoes among them. And on the train to Waterloo that evening the only vegetable was—guess what? Tinned peas!

NOWHERE on the island, by the way, was there any indication that it is surrounded by live fish—and that English Channel fish, as you have only to visit Normandy or Belgium to discover, is as good as any in the world.

I asked at Newport for a fish restaurant, and was directed to a fish-and-chip shop. No, I said, it was more a sort of oyster-bar I meant, where I might get a lobster or a crab. "Never heard tell of there being a call for any such thing," said the local taxi-driver. In Ryde, the one self-styled "sea-food restaurant" displayed its bottled mussels, pickled herrings and frozen Dublin Bay prawns (now called *scampi*, and, with one deference to my colleague Helen Burke, a dull, dry dish they are, frozen, compared with what the Venetians eat fresh from the Adriatic), and told me that the lobsters that came their way from London were too dear to buy. Why from London?

Not that my complaint is solely against the Isle of Wight. You may go to the finest fish restaurants in London—and one is a favourite of mine—and the only shrimps you can get are potted. Why? In Belgium, with its coastline of only sixty-odd miles, to Britain's hundreds, you can get shrimp omelets, shrimp mayonnaises, shrimp sauces on your sole Normande, tomatoes stuffed with shrimps—a host of delicious dishes, in hundreds of modest restaurants, and all made from the fresh little shrimp, bless it. Have we, I ask again, some prejudice against *fresh* food?

BRIGGS by Graham



Mr. Anthony Woolworth was in conversation with Miss Paula McCaugah



Sir Charles Russell, Bt., the club's vice-chairman, and Miss Gracie

BALL FOR A FAMILY CLUB

THE Challoner Club held their seventh anniversary ball at the Dorchester Hotel. Above: Mrs. James Allason, ball chairman, the Brazilian Ambassador, Viscountess Vaughan, vice-chairman, Mme. Gracie, and Lt.-Col. James Allason



Lady Russell and Lord Strathcarron were sitting at the top table

Mr. John Doyle and Miss Sheila Gates, two members of the club



Mr. and Mrs. Michael Adams, Mr. David Gage, Miss Dorothy Barratt and (standing) Mr. and Mrs. Philip Hubbard

Van Hallan



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SAILOR'S PARADISE

CRAFT of all sizes can be seen flying flags of a dozen nations in popular Monte Carlo harbour during its long sailing season. Above: Miss Helen Melville-Smith and Mr. Michael Turner were having lunch on board one of the yachts

Miss Catherine Baldwin and Sub-Lt. Peter de Merindol, R.N., were amongst the British yachting fraternity enjoying Monte Carlo in the sunshine



Capt. A. Adler and Mr. Ian Lindsay aboard Melsetta. They had just put in after a stormy passage from San Remo



Desmond O'Neill

Mr. and Mrs. George Barker on their yacht Licia II, a Bermudan sloop which they were sailing down to Greece





PRINCESS ASTRID, the twenty-four-year-old younger daughter of Crown Prince Olaf, is the "First Lady of Norway." She is extremely fond of flowers, and she delights to be photographed among them

Priscilla in Paris

YVONNE PRINTEMPS' NEW COMEDY



SMALL things still amuse small minds. To a certain extent the small things are camouflage. The big things of life are so very big just now that one hardly dares to pass comment upon them. It is safer and often more seemly, to tattle about Miss Hepburn (Audrey's) long hair and Miss Hepburn (Katie's) short temper. Over the teacups, the cocktail glasses and even the pewter pots we find plenty to say about the insolubility of the traffic question and the regrettable fact that—furthering that insolubility—the Salon de l'Automobile will take place at the Grand Palais as usual, instead of at the Porte de Versailles as suggested.

We affectionately smiled as we spoke of the sixty-eight candles that decorated Maurice Chevalier's birthday cake and we are glad to think that France's national "Pierrot" can hardly complain that his "*chandelle est morte*"! We wonder who will win the war that is waged between Sacha Guitry and his income tax assessor (or whatever the gentleman is called in English) and he who says "let the best man win" is looked upon "old-fashioned like"! In fact we pleasantly gossip the hours away and find comfort in the thought that tomorrow is still the jam of the day before.

On Wednesday, at the Théâtre de la Michodière we may boast of having had jam that evening! *Le Voyage à Turin*, a light and charming comedy by André Lang, exquisitely played by Yvonne Printemps and Pierre Fresnay, brilliantly opened the autumn season of the theatre world. During three hours, that passed far too rapidly, we sat enchanted.

THREE personages delighted us. She, He and It. "It" being the maid, housekeeper, confidante, general factotum or what you will, who is present when needed; that is to say during those moments when Yvonne Printemps changes her frock, dons an amazing disguise or when Pierre Fresnay shaves off the beard with which he stuns his fans in the first act. Andrée Tainsy plays



PRINCESS SANDRIA TORTLONIA has been holidaying in Monte Carlo. She lives with her family in Rome



PRINCE LUIS ALPHONSO of Bavaria and his sister
Princess Marie-Theresa at the family's coast home

Desmond O'Neill

the rôle so excellently that one never resents the moments when she is needed.

The others, of course, are Yvonne Printemps and Pierre Fresnay—Yvonne Printemps of the enchanting voice, grace of movement and eloquent grey-blue eyes. She has a way of slightly biting her lower lip as she looks sideways through her long lashes and of giving a little, twisted smile that must be absolutely devastating to the person for whom it is intended. A young, rather homely, American girl sitting near me paid tribute to another of Mme. Printemps talents. "Goodness," she murmured enviously, "how that lovely creature wears her clothes!"

And who else aids her but Pierre Fresnay, the finest actor the French stage can boast of, and of whom a most captious critic writes: "André Lang is as lucky to have such an actor in his play as the Comédie Française is unlucky to have lost him."

QUIITE so . . . but if Pierre Fresnay had remained at the "Français" we might not have seen him in so many different creations and such widely different plays as *Les Trois Valses* and *Hymenée* nor, perhaps would the perfect Printemps-Fresnay team have been formed for our delight.

Fresnay has no stage tricks; he never forces his effects; he is sincerity itself. His amazing honesty serves this light but immensely human comedy admirably. "She" is the eternal woman: capricious, exacting, romantic, whimsical and yet, in all these moods, utterly adorable—and we know how brilliantly Yvonne Printemps can play the part of such an enchanting *monstre sacré*. She gives us full measure and brimming over. "He" is just plain-mere-male-man! Enraptured but, at first, rather inclined to lay down the law. She is the woman he wants—and gets!—but the getting is just one of those jobs. He becomes puzzled, anxious, amused, angry . . . he goes through the whole gamut of love's labour and the rapture endures since . . . but this a *comédie du cœur* that must be seen, it cannot be narrated.

It is a long time since I have enjoyed an evening at the theatre so greatly.

Madame Renée Massip, whose novel *La Re却ente*—the story of a young girl in love with a man much older than herself—had a great success last year, has just given us another novel *La Petite Anglaise* and this time the story deals with a woman of thirty-eight who loves a youth of twenty-four. Meanwhile the heroine of the *Petite Anglaise* is a delightful person; she is witty and amusing with everything it takes to captivate a young man. But in the end, her rival the little *Anglaise* gets the lad.

Ouvrez la porte bonheur

• "Luck," Pierre Fresnay has been known to say, "is a word that really means: 'perseverance and tenacity'"





At the Theatre

DYLAN'S WELSH RAREBIT

"UNDER MILK WOOD" comes to the New Theatre loaded with honours to maintain. Dylan Thomas delighting in indelicate jokes has amused himself by lifting the hot tin roof off a small Welsh town. Among the inhabitants exposed to Thomas's sharp satirical fancy are, above, Capt. Cat (William Squire) hearing the songs of the siren (Polly Garter by Diana Maddox), not for the first time while, below, the narrator, Donald Houston, fearlessly exposes the goings on of Willy Nilly (Cliff Gordon) and the Rev. Eli Jenkins (T. H. Evans). Drawings by Emmwood



As a recognized masterpiece of sound radio, *Under Milk Wood* was bound to be eyed covetously by the theatre. Representative arts like to represent everything they can, whatever logic may have to say against any particular attempt. Dylan Thomas's fantasy is described quite accurately as "a play for voices," and to embody the voices on the stage was obviously to risk spoiling the effect they made in their natural medium. No matter: the theatre was ready to take the risk; and, astonishingly, has got away with it.

How big was the risk those who saw the original production at the Edinburgh Festival are in a position to appreciate. There was nothing but admiration for the ingenuity which Mr. Douglas Cleverdon and Mr. Edward Burnham, the joint producers, had brought to the venture. Many of us would never have believed that the job could be done half so well. We came away, nevertheless, with the ungrateful feeling that it was ingenuity largely misspent and that we had been looking at something that was plainly intended only to be heard. There was no longer the sense of hovering freely over the little Welsh seaside town of Llaneggub—with the dreams and daydreams and the frustrated yearnings of the inhabitants for fantastic violence and forbidden love and the unrecoverable past lying like a map under the mind's eye.

IT was a case now of moving from point to point, from one little set scene to another, feeling slightly earthbound. We rather grieved that so much labour and thought should have gone to the making of a commonplace success. But between the festival performance and its first performance at the New Theatre an extraordinary change has taken place. The play has mysteriously run itself in and become a genuine theatrical entity. What at Edinburgh were stage humours requiring more narrative support than they were getting have resumed their place as characters in the most gaily gruesome of bawdy rhetorical fancies; and the whole thing now goes with the rhythm of a dream fantasy.

The only explanation of the vital change I can offer is that the producers had from the beginning of the hazardous enterprise intended that their stage ingenuities should be subordinate to the dazzling conjuring tricks which Dylan Thomas was playing with words. As the company have gained a more assured command of the words the language has, so to speak, pumped its way into the bloodstream of the play with the enchanting consequence that verbal fantasy and visual reality have become one, or as nearly one as makes no great matter. We were inclined at Edinburgh to notice particularly the cleverness of Mr. Michael Trangmar's settings for the small scenes in which groups of characters are seen either simultaneously or in quick succession.

THESE settings are not less clever now that words, voices and images have become strong enough to superimpose themselves on paint and canvas; indeed, they contribute a great deal to our enjoyment of the drama implicit in a series of events which have mostly no existence except in the imagination of those who wish they might happen.

The problem of the narrator has been solved not altogether satisfactorily by combining First and Second Voices in a single Onlooker, but the solution is made to seem right enough by the measure and tact of Mr. Donald Houston's playing. Of the twenty-six other actors in seventy-eight parts, mention must be made of Mr. T. H. Evans, whose Rev. Eli Jenkins cunningly reconciles humility with corpulence, of Miss Diana Maddox, who sings the Willy Wee song most touchingly, and of Mr. William Squire, who as the blind old sea captain musing on his balcony, keeps a life that has been "sardined with women" vividly before us.

But innumerable tiny parts, making comic, tenderly moving or poignant effects, are sketched in with quick verbal expertness, and it testifies to the skill of the actors concerned that, as separate groups come into the light swiftly giving place to other groups, we are rarely conscious of any discontinuity. In this instance the theatre has successfully defied logic. It has made its own what was never intended for it and tamed what was designed simply for hearing into something well worth seeing.

—Anthony Cookman



MISS LEIGHTON ON BROADWAY

MARGARET LEIGHTON left for America last month to appear once again with Eric Portman in "Separate Tables," Terence Rattigan's enormously successful double-bill, which ran for two years in the West End. In it she will be able to delight and harrow American audiences with her exceptional performances in the two widely contrasting roles. These poignant and compassionate short plays are considered to be among Rattigan's finest and most mature work



Prince Philip, the Princess Royal and Viscount Lascelles look at a pet badger brought by Mr. Brian Nettleton

HAREWOOD THREE DAY TRIALS

AN EXCITING EVENT FOR SPECTATORS AND RIDERS

Miss Sheila Willcox and High and Mighty come splashing through the lake during the cross-country event



H.R.H. PRINCE PHILIP and the Princess Royal and members of her family, were among the thousands of spectators who watched the 1956 Harewood Three Day Horse Trials which took place recently at Harewood House, the home of the Princess Royal. The trials consisted of dressage, cross-country riding and show jumping, and fine weather and good going on the second day drew large crowds to watch the competitors ride over the stiff cross-country course. Miss Sheila Willcox on High and Mighty won in fine style, gaining most marks in dressage and cross-country and a clear round in the jumping. Second place was taken by Miss Penelope Moreton riding Lt.-Col. Hume Dudgeon's six-year-old Korbovs. Jennifer describes the Three Day Horse Trials in her Journal on page 10



Miss Sarah Legard was helping to keep the cross-country course clear for competitors

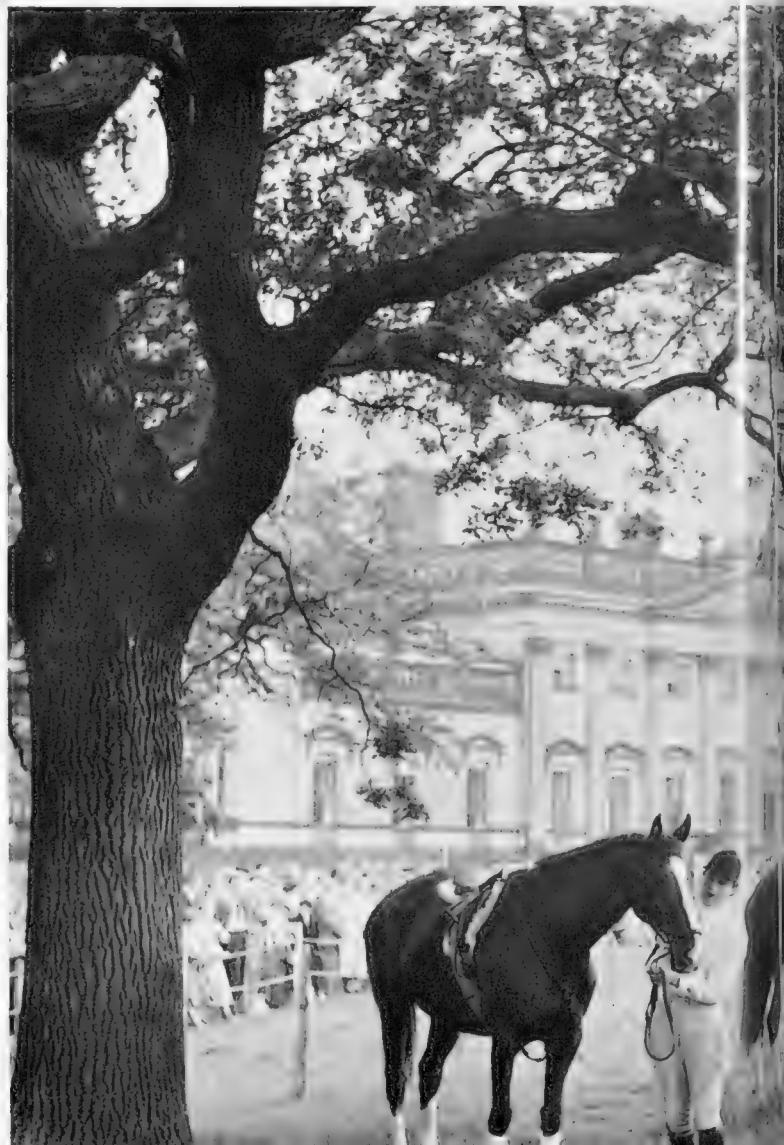


Mr. John Waddington and Miss Sally Greig watch from a good position



Mrs. Diana Fitzroy with Capt. Oran's Cat

Miss V. Engelmann with Master Dene, Capt. Oran's Cat, in the shade of the oak tree





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Col. J. Smith-Maxwell, Miss Ailsa Maxwell
and Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Smith-Maxwell



is in conversa-
tion with Peter Lambert
Mr. Geoffrey Rayner and the Hon.
Mrs. Geoffrey Rayner were spectators

Col. H. H. Robinson and Miss K. Tatham-Warter with Pampas
before Harewood House



Capt. John Oram, a British Olympic team member,
clears a fence in the quarry on Copperplate

Mr. and Mrs. J. I. A. Russell
whose home is in Yorkshire

Col. the Hon. C. G. Cubitt, a
judge, and Mrs. F. W. C. Weldon



Mr. H. H. Robinson, Col. W. N. Davies, Mrs. J. Robinson,
Miss V. Robinson, and Mrs. W. N. Davies



FERNANDEL appears once more as the gentle-yet militant priest Don Camillo, waging war against the Communists in general and the mayor Peppeone in particular, in *Don Camillo e l'Onorevole Peppone* which recently opened at the Paris Pullman in London



RICHARD WIDMARK and Jane Greer on the run in the jungle, pursued by a ruthless gang of men, headed by Trevor Howard, for once cast in a villainous role. A tense moment in *Run For The Sun*, United Artists' exciting film

JEAN SIMMONS plays her most outstanding success to date in *Guys and Dolls*. As the mission worker who falls for the gambler she is a constant joy



At the Pictures

NEW YORK'S FOLKLORE

BETTING on a sure thing, which—as anybody in *Guys And Dolls* will tell you—is highly ungentlemanly but the easiest way to come by a stack of folding money, I will lay an even grand that in New York you could find characters, possibly *dozens* of them, who actually work for a living. No doubt the late Mr. Damon Runyon could have found them, too—but he was not interested in such humdrum chumps.

His New York is populated with guys who never demean themselves to work as they can make enough scratch (dough, to you) to live it up considerably by backing horses, playing pool or shooting crap, and dyed-haired dolls who manage to acquire mink without ever doing anything more strenuous than showing a leg at a nightclub. They are a colourful crowd, speaking in a strange idiom that Mr. Runyon invented for them—and as long as they stay between the covers of a book, I will believe in them.

I WILL very happily read Runyonese until the cows come home—and they needn't hurry back on my account, either—but to hear it throws me. It is just too mighty unnatural—and that is the trouble with Harry the Horse and the rest of the bunch, and, indeed, with Mr. Samuel Goldwyn's gorgeous five-and-a-half-million dollar movie, based by Mr. Joseph L. Mankiewicz on the stage musical based on Mr. Runyon's story, "The Idyll of Miss Sarah Brown." I found the splashy, stagey sets and the stilted dialogue more than somewhat off-putting—but you will have to see this picture all the same and no matter what, for the superb performances of the four principal players.

The story is not a particularly pretty one : Sky Masterson, a cynical gambler, bets Nathan Detroit, who runs the oldest-established "floating" crap game in New York, that he can seduce any doll Nathan cares to name. Nathan names Miss Sarah Brown, an earnest mission worker. Sky accepts the nomination, wins his bet by a trick—and loses his heart by virtue of the streak of sentimentality that runs through much of Mr. Runyon's work.

MR. MARLON BRANDO is monstrously attractive as Sky—so smooth, so self-confident—and though his voice is nothing to brag about he puts over the gambler's prayer, "Luck, be a Lady Tonight," most effectively. Mr. Frank Sinatra makes an extraordinarily sympathetic character of poor Nathan, whom a temporary lack of funds prevents from practising the profession he has followed since he was a juvenile delinquent—and Miss Vivian Blaine as the patient doll who's been engaged to him for fourteen years is an absolute darling. But it's Miss Jean Simmons as Sarah Brown who triumphantly carries off the acting honours: blossoming from a buttoned-up spinster into a starry-eyed girl in love, shedding her inhibitions under the Havana moon and the influence of rum punch, singing exuberantly

A GOVERNESS AT COURT

DEBORAH KERR appears in the role of Anna, the English governess who becomes governess to the royal children in *The King And I*. Demure and gentle as Anna's character is, she soon finds herself sparinging with the powerful personality of the King of Siam (Yul Brynner). Music, costumes and settings are colourful and on a lavish scale



from sheer high spirits, Miss Simmons is a pure, unalloyed joy. Mr. James Mason says he made *Bigger Than Life* in an attempt "to portray, dramatically, the evils of an indiscriminate use of drugs." The intention was admirable, the result deplorable. A modest, hard-working schoolmaster (Mr. Mason), suffering from a rare disease, is prescribed cortisone in limited doses.

WARNED that the drug can be dangerous yet, for some reason that totally eluded me, he takes large over-doses of it, even forges prescriptions to get it, and develops into a raving megalomaniac with homicidal tendencies.

The implication that cortisone is a drug to which one can become addicted, as to heroin or cocaine, is surely erroneous and must, I feel, disturb and distress anybody whose doctor has recommended its use. Mr. Mason is an actor I greatly admire: I was sorry to see him wasting his talents on this misguided piece of propaganda.

Weary as I am of war films, I will still concede that *A Hill In Korea* has its merits. It is, for one thing, quite unpretentious—and, for another, it establishes the fact that British troops had a hand in the Korean campaign.

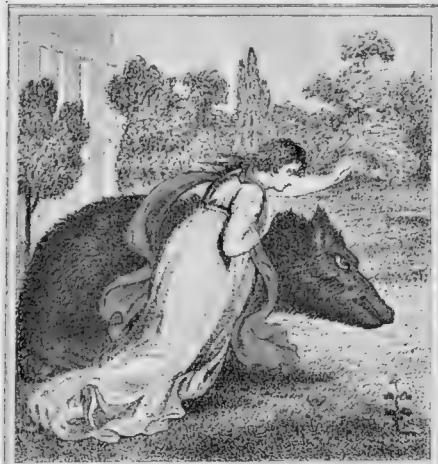
Good performances come from Mr. George Baker as the young

lieutenant and Messrs. Stanley Baker and Harry Andrews as a pair of hard-bitten "regular" N.C.O.s. Directed by Mr. Julian Amyes, it is a little film that has about it a sort of quiet pride.

THE censor has given an "X" Certificate to *X—The Unknown*. He must be far more easily scared than I am. The THING that this time baffles the scientists (including Mr. Dean Jagger) comes not from another world but out of the bowels of the earth. Ravening for the radio-active material on which it thrives, it keeps popping up out of a hole in the ground and blasting people. As long as it's unseen, there's a certain amount of suspense—but the moment it comes surging glutinously across the screen like a mess of burnt porridge one couldn't shudder less.

Herr Ingmar Bergman's *Smiles Of A Summer Night*—a Swedish film with excellent English sub-titles—is a dreamlike comedy about a stiff Edwardian lawyer (Herr Björn Bjelvenstam), his girl-wife (Frk. Ulla Jacobsson), his grown-up son (Herr Gunnar Björnstrand), his mistress (Frk. Eva Dahlbeck) and several other slightly odd characters, all consumed by a veritable midsummer madness of love. It is beautifully photographed, beautifully acted—and absolutely infatuated with its own stylishness.

—*Elsbeth Grant*



CHARLES LAMB'S "Beauty and the Beast" is published by The Roedale Press in a miniature edition from which these two fine illustrations are taken



Book
Reviews
by
Elizabeth Bowen



BAPTISE BERTRAND, one of the great masters of fencing, from "The English Master of Arms" (Routledge and Kegan-Paul, 28s.) by J. D. Aylward, who is a Member of Honour of the British Academy of Fencing



TWILIGHT OF THE AIR GODS

A REMARKABLE novel, come out of Germany, is *Falling Leaves*, by Gerd Gaiser (Collins, 13s. 6d.). Its English publisher's summary of its nature cannot, I think, be bettered "This is the story of the opposite numbers to the men who fought the Battle of Britain—the members of a German Fighter Command Group when the Luftwaffe was fighting in defence of its homeland with the war irretrievably lost." Is this, then, a picture of a defeat? No; rather a stirring work of imagination.

The first effect, upon me, of *Falling Leaves* was to banish all feeling of nationality—in the alien or antagonistic sense. Partly because, within the novel no dregs of hostility remain. Partly because the author takes as accepted that fighter pilots are in themselves a race—one of the characters (it's true, semi-satirically) speaks of his British counterparts as "our noble cousins." Most of all because, while tragedy has been squared up to, bitterness is altogether transcended. We are in the clean air of heroic epic.

AND throughout much of the book, we are *in the air*. True, momentous accounts of action are nothing new: we have had them, during the war and after, from our own flyer-writers. But in *Falling Leaves* the accounts are linked with an odd kind of visionary experience. Here is an over-all study of fighter temperament—yet each man (and there are many in the story) is sharply differentiated. De Bruyn, Vehlgast, Waaga, Rodenbeck, the G.O. Schildknecht, the colonel Frensen all come uncannily near—one becomes identified, for moments together, with each in turn. Of all the rest, one may say that not one is shadowy.

Falling Leaves, as a novel, has shape rather more than plot. One flashes from incident to incident; there are scenes of full-blooded hilarity, others of hallucinatory beauty—such as Rodenbeck's



ART'S TRIBUTE TO LETTERS

SIR JACOB EPSTEIN has recently completed his head of Mr. Somerset Maugham, C.H., seen (left) posing for the sculptor who has drawing block in hand. Mr. Maugham has just had a new edition of a book he wrote as early as 1908 re-published. It is "The Magician" which, founded on the black magical exploits of the late Aleister Crowley, still has power to make flesh creep. Sir Jacob published the second volume of his autobiography last year

Photographs by
Ida Kar

descent among the wild roses, and de Bruyn's vision of his sister, slowly pacing beneath him over the sunlit field. There are insights into desperate states of mind—such as, the attack on the incoming British bombers:

Only Rohde's Seventh Squadron and de Bruyn's Ninth managed to force their way through to the bombers, scattering its leading formations in a head-on assault. If another wing had been following something might have been achieved. But there was no such wing. Caught up in the thick of the battle, they realized how tired and hopelessly decrepit were the machines which had once been their pride. They needed forty to forty-five minutes to assemble and climb to combat height. And still the enemy hung out of reach above them. In the middle of the battle their fuel warning lights began to flash.

Herr Gerd Gaiser, Ph.D., before the war was an art student. As a civilization-lover, he travelled Europe; he took his doctorate with a thesis on Spanish art of the early Baroque period. War, then, was to transform him into a pilot in the German Fighter Command. At present, he teaches art in a secondary school in Germany: but also, last year (when *Falling Leaves* appeared in his own country), he was awarded the Prize for Literature of the Bavarian Academy of Fine Arts. . . . Coming here, his novel has had what it well deserves, an admirable translation by Paul Findlay.

★ ★ ★

POETIC imagination, again, gives life to an otherwise utterly different novel—**The Haunted Land** (Macdonald, 13s. 6d.). Randolph Stow, the Australian author, is twenty-one—his published work, up to now, has been poetry. Geraldton, Western Australia, is his home: here his family had been early settlers. To say that with *The Haunted Land* he has given us a Western Australian version of *Wuthering Heights* might sound fantastic—are such things possible?

I do not suggest that Mr. Stow is under any other novelist's influence—more, he has (though in a masculine way) something in common with Emily Brontë's wildness, and fiery view of life. And indeed, one of his characters, the girl Anne, is not unlike the great Emily—solitary, unaccommodating . . . *The Haunted Land*,

picture of an inbred, self-doomed family, is as a novel non-realistic. We are shown the Maguires, of Malin, in their own terms: three sons, two daughters, living in isolation, dominated by a passionate, twisted father. The main story goes back to the days of youth.

And what days—and nights! The three younger Maguires, banished to school in Melbourne after their mother's death, return to take up life again with their father and brothers. Relationships with the neighbours have become nil. The two servants conceal in their cottage a monstrous secret; even the cat is prone to fits of insanity. Anne, by yielding to a dark impulse she can never explain, brings about the first (though not last) bloodshed. The more solid Adelaide struggles hard for normality.

Dire as the story may be, it holds one by the authority of its writing, and by Mr. Stow's really amazing rendering not only of persons and their passions but of the landscape and the dramatic weather. And darkness is shot through by gleams of beauty.

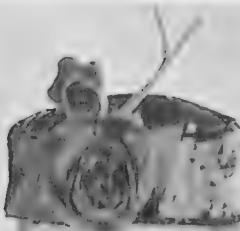
★ ★ ★

YOUNG-MARRIED family life, in London, is the subject of **The Bright Prison**, by Penelope Mortimer (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.). Or rather, Mark and Antonia Painton have—they realize—been married for thirteen years without yet having achieved being quite grown-up. Their cosy, unwieldy St. John's Wood house has, nonetheless, filled itself with four children. Has domestic high pressure crowded out feeling, thought?

A series of accidents and mischances—all taking place within one weekend—put the Paintons' marriage to a nightmare test. Security seems shattered; and, worst of all, the man and woman feel, all at once, strangers to one another . . . Mrs. Mortimer has already, in *A Villa In Summer*, shown herself a dispassionate analyst of modern marriage. This second novel of hers, though brilliantly done, is in its trend (I find) almost too pessimistic. Against this, the children are drawn with vision and love: they, alone, could make *The Bright Prison* well worth reading!



John French



DEFINITIONS IN BLACK

HAT: Mme. Vernier's fashionable black Persian lamb fez, worn with Hardy Amies' black wool coat, emphasizes the tendency for hats to be heavy and worn well forward this season

JACKET: The bloused-back jacket (left) from Hardy Amies has a roll collar of Persian lamb worn over a slim sheath with a high front neckline and deep cowl back. Small, shiny, black and flowered pill box by Mme. Vernier

COAT: Norman Hartnell's elegant fitted coat (right) is in black velvet with a wide flared skirt and circular cape of snowy white ermine that matches perfectly Claud St. Cyr's helmet with its bewitching tailed front. These pages complete our report, begun several weeks ago, on the Autumn couture collections in London



by

Isobel Vicomtesse d'Orthez

Fashion Editress





LACHASSE has produced the pale tan and grey diagonal tweed suit, with all the interest in the back of the jacket. It has the new scarab line with flying scarf panels which are belted and held at the back

VICTOR STIEBEL designed the elegant wrap-over coat (left) in a dark grey velour. The back is softly gathered into the waist, and it has a wide beaver collar. The soft, outsize furry beret is by Edelle

Grace and eloquence in the turned back



John French

The London Collections'
trumpet finale

GENEROUS TOPCOATS



RONALD PATERSON is one of the designers who favour the wide full top-coats. Here we show (left) a loosely woven wool coat in an attractive sour-cream colour which has a rounded collar set away from the neck, so easy to wear with contrasting shades. MICHAEL SHERARD'S wide enveloping greatcoat (above) is in nubbly rough stone coloured tweed flecked with black, with an enormous shawl collar. Pot hat by Marcelle. While MICHAEL'S cocktail-time coat is of bronze satin cloqué lined in brilliant royal blue satin and worn with Mme. Valerie Brill's enchanting chignon cap with a winged side that matches the royal lining, making an ideal finish





SIMPLICITY IN THE TOWN

THIS beautifully tailored suit by Edward Allen has simple uncluttered lines, a lightly fitted jacket and a slim skirt, and is made in smoky grey fine worsted, price £24. The apricot velvet hat with a high crown and curved brim (left) costs £8 2s. 6d., and the kingfisher blue velvet hat (above right) costs 9 gns. Below: Beige calf bag, price £7 8s. 6d., silk lined gloves, £2 19s. 11d., and black suede court shoes with aluminium heels, 6 gns. All from Dickins and Jones



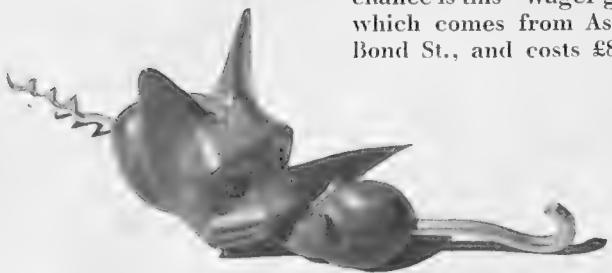
Michel Molinare



CHOICE
FOR
THE
WEEK



Something new and unusual for those who like to take a chance is this "wager glass" which comes from Asprey, Bond St., and costs £8 10s.



Cat and mouse magnetic bottle opener and corkscrew cost £3 15s., and are obtainable from Finningans

To ease you into a convivial mood

WITH the prospect of autumn winds and winter snows before us, here are some gay and useful accessories for parties of all kinds, and to help promote inner warmth!

—JEAN CLELAND

Very handy for journeys or picnics, especially for keen point-to-pointers, is this car "bar set" which contains bottles, a syphon, and glasses. It costs £9 5s., from Harrods





A new and delightful method of making cocktails is possible by merely swinging this "lantern" cocktail shaker, which mixes as it is swung. It costs £13 10s., and can be bought from Asprey and Co. Ltd., Bond St.



For the housewife who likes her kitchen implements to be efficient and attractive comes this stainless steel cheese slicer with ivory handle, £2 15s., Aspreys



These amusing and colourful novelty bottle pourers and corks can be obtained from Finnigan's of Bond Street, and the price is £1 5s. for each one of these

(Below) "Embassy" trolley, complete with separate tray, is made of Warerite, heat resisting and spirit proof, and has ice pail and bottle containers. It costs £21 3s. at Marshall and Snelgrove



Beauty

Hairdresser's art



RICHÉ dresses hair flat on top and full at sides to give greater width

ANOTHER version of the geometric line, framing the face to emphasize its features. The fringe is for a high brow



A DIGNIFIED and elegant hair style by Riché, with a long chignon worn low on the neck



THE CLASSIC look, with semi-short hair, designed by Riché for a symmetrical oval face



Zanton

GEOMETRY being a subject at which, during my school days, I was remarkably dim—coming out, at the end of each lesson, by that same door wherein I went—I was a little alarmed when hair stylist Riché of Hay Hill, began to talk to me of his "Geometric Line." "This," I thought, "is where I find myself in deep waters." On the contrary, the whole thing, as explained by him, was so logical as to be simple to understand. Since the idea behind it is to demonstrate how the hair can be dressed to flatter the shape of the face, and show certain features to the best advantage, it is worth passing on.

According to Riché, the perfect oval is the ideal shape to which any hair style can be applied satisfactorily. But since only a comparatively few women are fortunate enough to have this, the hair styles must be designed on certain geometrical lines. In this way, a proper balance can be achieved. By styling and arranging the hair so that the face is put into better proportion, certain faults are disguised, and this makes all the difference to the looks.

In his Hay Hill Salon, Riché encourages his clients to *recognize* any faults and idiosyncrasies they may have. Only when that is done can one get down to the best way of minimizing them. "What," he said to me, "is the use of shutting your eyes to the fact that you have an over-large nose, and pretending it is not there, or of turning a blind eye to a forehead that is high, or a neck that is rather too long?" No one particular hair style, however fashionable, will suit all these things. It has to be adapted to each case. This is all to the good, because it makes for individuality. Even the not so good features can, with skill, be presented in such a way as to strengthen the character of the face and give accent to the personality.

I ASKED for examples of the Geometrical approach to hair styling, and these are some which I was given.

If the face is very round, you can do one of two things. *Lengthen* it by keeping the hair flat at the sides and high on top, or *emphasize the idiosyncrasy* by wearing a fringe, which, together with a bombe or full coiffure, shortens the face. The fringe has the effect of cutting a piece off the circle, and in some cases this is very effective.

If the features are particularly long and thin, a rather more square look can be achieved by keeping the hair full at the top—softly undulating—and full again at the sides, which helps to square the jaw.

For the heart-shaped face, Riché applies the "triangle" with the point at the top like a pyramid. In this, the hair is dressed high and narrow on the top front, and brought out to greater width at the sides. It is grown to page-boy length, and then turned under to achieve fullness at the lower parts of the "triangle," or it can be turned up at the ends according to individual taste.

AHIGH forehead can be treated in several ways. In some cases the character of the face is best brought out by *stressing this feature*, drawing the hair back and well away from the forehead. Alternatively, "cover effect" for the forehead, can be had by wearing a fringe, or by having the hair dressed with a diagonal line, up high on one side, and down long on the other. Another effective style for this type of forehead is achieved by the addition of a highly placed chignon. This again gives the "triangle" look from another angle.

In the case of a long neck, the hair is dressed fairly full and long at the back, and for evenings, a chignon worn low on the neck is very attractive.

A big nose can be offset by "screening" the face, which means, drawing the hair forward on to the cheeks, so that in profile, the nose is foreshortened and less noticeable.

An important point that must be stressed is that the head is only a part of the story. When the hair is styled by an expert, the dimensions of the whole body are taken into account. If for instance, a woman is short, she can gain the appearance of greater height by having her hair dressed high on the top of the head. Vice versa, if she is tall, a better balance is achieved by having the hair flat on top. Thus, by considering all aspects of a woman's physique, the artist in hair styling brings the entire picture into focus.

ONE last word on the subject relates to something which is often overlooked. This is, that a well styled hair-do has more than one dimension. The front, the side, and the back. Many women look straight into the mirror and consider only the front view. They may take a cursory glance at the back but usually dismiss it as of secondary importance. What they forget is that while they only see one aspect, those around them see the head as a whole. It is on its all-round perfection, front, sides and back, that the real artistry of an outstanding and skilled hair style stands or falls. In order to preserve this perfection between shampoos, it is a good idea to watch the hairdresser closely when the back of the hair is being "combed out." In this way it is possible to follow the same direction when brushing or combing it at home.

—Jean Cleland

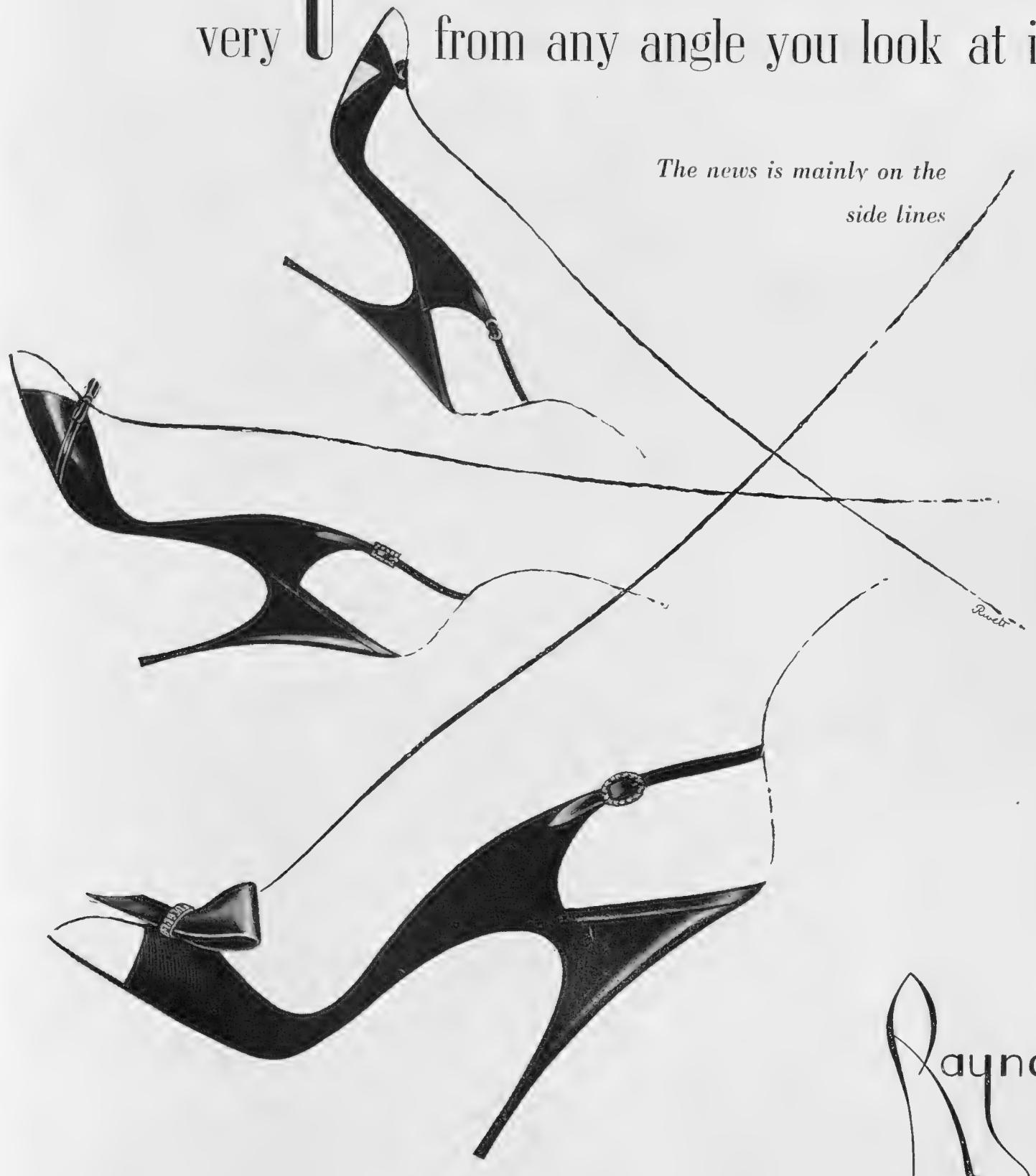


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Yevonde

Miss Joanna Frances Lyle Cameron, only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. Lyle Cameron, of Oakwood Court, London, W.14, is engaged to Mr. Peter Norman Railing, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Railing, of Foresters, Lynchmere, Sussex



Garfield Snow

THEY ARE ENGAGED



Dorothy Wilding

Miss Belinda Challen, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Challen of Kington Grange, Claverdon, Warwick, has announced her engagement to Mr. James Waite Morgan, younger son of the Hon. Mr. Justice Morgan and Lady Morgan, of Avoca Lodge, South Yarra, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia



Miss Elizabeth Andreae, fourth daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Andreae, of Tandridge Court, Oxted, Surrey, has announced her engagement to Mr. Edward Everington, elder son of the late Dr. H. D. Everington, and of Mrs. Everington, of Cumnor, Sanderstead, Surrey



Miss Jane Wilson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Wilson, of Westcliff, Hermanus, South Africa, and formerly of the Colonial Service, Nyasaland, is engaged to Mr. John Anthony Hair, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Hair, of Governor's House, Wormwood Scrubs, W.12



Carrick—Hembry. Mr. Geoffrey M. Carrick, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Carrick, of Brandling Park, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, married Miss Rosemary A. Hembry, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. McQ. Hembry, of Hill House, Throckley, Northumberland, at St. Andrew's Church, Heddon-on-the-Wall



Bodenham—Hubball. Mr. Nicolas Bodenham, of Brandon Abbas, Great Barr, Birmingham, the son of Mr. Thomas Bodenham, was married to Miss Jill Hubball, M.C.S.P., of Claverly House, The Crescent, Walsall, the daughter of Mr. Norman Hubball, at St. Michael's Church, Rushall, near Walsall, Staffordshire



New—Verity. Captain L. A. W. New, son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. S. W. New, of Grayshott House, Grayshott, near Hindhead, Surrey, married Miss Anna Verity, daughter of Group Captain and Mrs. C. E. H. Verity, of Yew Corner, Laleham-on-Thames, at All Saints', Laleham, Mddx



Drake—Webb-Bowen. Lt. D. C. Drake, R.N.V.R., son of Mr. and Mrs. M. Drake, of Broomfield, Essex, married Miss Angela Webb-Bowen, daughter of Air Vice-Marshal Sir Tom and Lady Webb-Bowen, of Hillborough House, Haverfordwest, Pembrokeshire, at the Savoy Chapel

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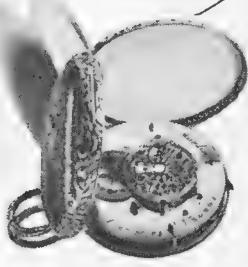
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Motoring



TWO-PEDAL CARS

REPEATEDLY I have extolled the virtues of the Newton centrifugal clutch. I have reported on its design features and on its road behaviour when fitted to Armstrong Siddeley motor cars. Now, its scope widened, it has become part of a semi-automatic transmission taken up by the Standard company.

The centrifugal clutch gives as smooth a get-away as a fluid coupling or a torque converter, yet it has the advantage of being a mechanical device. When the car is standing in traffic with engine idling there is an absolute severance between engine and rear wheels; an advantage not obtainable with hydraulic transmissions. This eliminates the tendency to creep.

In the new semi-automatic transmission the centrifugal clutch goes with a part electrical, part vacuum-servo gear changing mechanism. For driving the car there are two pedals and a gear lever with an electric switch on top. Starting from rest is then a matter of putting the gear lever into a low gear and depressing the accelerator pedal. Changing gear is a matter of depressing the switch and moving the gear lever.

Two-pedal drive will appear in many models in this year's Show and the system of achieving it described above is by no means the only new one. There is, for instance, the "Selectro-shift" system developed by Smiths from an American patent for a clutch which carries the drive between its two members through magnetic powder. The members are not mechanically connected, but between them there is this powder which passes a magnetic flux which can "lock" them as in a direct drive.

THIS invention is also taken by Smiths to a fully automatic transmission which the company calls the "Autoselectric." It will be noticed that many manufacturers are offering two-pedal control; or semi-automatic control. They are offering, in other words, a half-way house between the conventional, fully manual transmission and the fully automatic transmission. The driver must still use a gear lever, but he no longer needs to use a clutch pedal.

Forgive me if I introduce a carping note into this preface to Motor Show transmission systems, but I must express the view that I doubt whether semi-automatic systems are as big an attraction as British manufacturers seem to suppose. I have tried some of them and the only large advantage is the greater facility with which the car can be edged forwards in heavy traffic without constant pumping of a left pedal. But that advantage can be offered without the added complication demanded when gear shifts have to be made without left pedal movements.

In short, I like starting a car from rest without using a clutch pedal, but I find no great benefit from being able to move the gear lever thereafter without using a clutch pedal. The fully automatic transmission is an entirely different story. There the advantages are plain enough. Few who have used fully automatic transmissions will go back to semi-automatic or manual.

—Oliver Stewart



The New Zodiac

Couture Casual Skirt and Simbison Shirt by Digby Morton



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Ivon de Wynter

RONALD WILLIAMS has an enviable charge in the conduct of the spacious restaurant of the Richmond Hill Hotel, overlooking the river. His early training was at Scott's as a staff waiter. Today he prides himself on his poultry carving

DINING OUT

Winter comforts

Now that the summer that never came has passed, I shall be able to return to some of my favourite haunts in comparative peace. To go to fashionable hotels in the country or on the river at weekends during the height of the season is my idea of a nightmare. You have to spend an hour or two in a solid block of traffic on the way out and repeat the performance coming back—possibly four hours of the day spent in a mood of boredom, irritation and frustration, and the place very overcrowded when you get there.

So away for peace and comfort to the East Arms at Hurley where you can get an excellent lunch for 12s. 6d. if you stick to the *table d'hôte* or a young grouse or partridge for 25s. if you are in the money.

It is now under the direction of Mario Trapani, who was responsible for all the catering at Harrods for over twenty years, and managed by Charles Balague. The new cocktail bar and Winter Dining-room are a delight. The décor, as far as the cocktail bar is concerned, was carried out by Alex Waugh, who did such a fine job in restoring the Victorian Room at Berry Brothers in St. James's, and it can best be described as Colonial American—if you don't know what that means, it is Georgian English with the flavour of the American craftsmen superimposed.

HE has given the Winter Dining-room, which was a drab affair in the old days, the atmosphere of the Mediterranean and Italy, with scenes painted round the walls of the famous beauty spots on Lake Maggiore, and has also let in a lot of sunlight which gives a great impression of space to a small room.

The chef, Ernst Stutz, is Swiss and previously worked at the Colony. There is a fine selection of some excellent wines in charge of no less a person than Edmond Turquet, and it is a pleasure to have them impeccably handled by such a sage *sommelier* who was for many years at the Hind's Head Hotel at Bray when the famous Barry Neame was in command, and of whom Maurice Healy wrote : "Some time the Host of Princes, Always the Prince of Hosts."

Miss Williams, who was Barry's chief assistant, has been managing the Hind's Head for many years for the owners, of which company Charles Gardner, a member of a family famous for their catering activities, is the chairman.

The food at the Hind's Head is concentrated on the best English fare it is possible to provide; river trout, boiled turbot, jugged hare, steak and kidney pie, pheasant, partridge, grouse, duck and a selection of some fine English cheeses. The chef, Mario Toso, has been there for fifteen years and so has their very experienced *sommelier* Theodor who was previously at the Branksome Towers, Bournemouth, for twenty years in the same capacity. They have a rare collection of the *premier cru* of the Médoc and a host of other fine wines.

—I. Bickerstaff

DINING IN

Frozen assets

WHETHER devoted cooks like it or not, frozen foods (both raw and cooked) have established themselves, if only because of their convenience, but there are limits beyond which I, for one, do not care to go. At the recent Food Fair, I was shocked to learn that the product on a certain frozen food stand which made the biggest "hit" was cooked fish and chips in a wrapping which simulated newspaper! The implication is there for any foreigner to see and also judge.

But there are some quite remarkable new packs of frozen foods. Whitebait, for instance. At the stand of Young's (the potted shrimp people), I bought a packet of the tiniest fish I have ever seen. They were perfect. I was a little apprehensive about their size, but I need not have been. After defrosting and frying them, I found that they had more of the fresh sea flavour than any of the so-called "fresh" ones I have ever had. When whitebait are cooked, one must be careful of rising oil, because they do seem to cause an upheaval of the fat. For this reason, I would urge a wider and deeper pan than usual. Quick-frozen whitebait are delicious.

Quick frozen scallops, too, were first-class as to flavour. I served one package in my favourite and most simple of all ways—in sherry flavoured cream. Start by cleaning the scallops and removing the tissue surrounding the kernels. Cut each scallop into four and cook them, covered, for four to five minutes in (for four scallops) a sherry glass of dryish sherry and a few drops of lemon juice.

IN another pan, boil together at least a quarter of a pint of double cream and the strained stock from the scallops until the sauce thickens a little. (Meanwhile, keep the scallops warm.) Add the scallops and an egg yolk, beaten with a tablespoon of cream, and just heat through. Season to taste. A simple dish, very good when served with a rice pilaff.

Imported from Sweden, ready to cook, are "Findus" chicken breasts and drumsticks (in separate packages), four of each costing 6s. 5d. and 5s. 2d. respectively. (There are chicken livers, too, a 3-oz. packet costing 2s. 1d.) The breasts lend themselves to many presentations. One is fried, with a Maryland garnish of corn fritters and bananas wrapped in bacon. They must first be well defrosted and dried on a cloth. Next, pass them through seasoned flour, then egg and breadcrumbs, and fry them gently in butter, with a little olive oil in it to prevent it burning, to a warm gold tone.

Or flatten them out to double their original size and season them to taste. In a small pan, gently cook together (covered, of course) half an ounce of butter, a good squeeze of lemon juice, a good tablespoon of sherry and two ounces of wafer-thin slices of tiny unopened mushrooms, for not more than five minutes. Add about two tablespoons of medium thick Bechamel sauce and a quarter of a pint of double cream and simmer together to a smooth sauce. Meanwhile, gently cook the flattened out chicken breasts in butter, without browning them. Place on a serving dish and pour the mushroom cream sauce over them. They, too, are excellent with rice pilaff or creamy mashed potatoes.

—Helen Burke



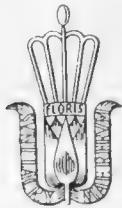
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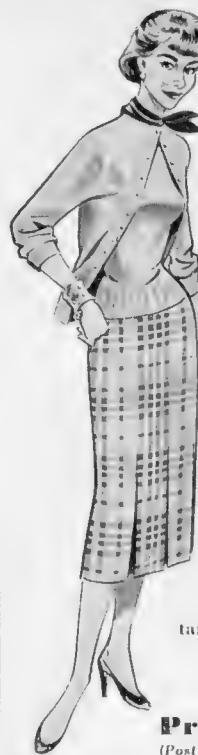
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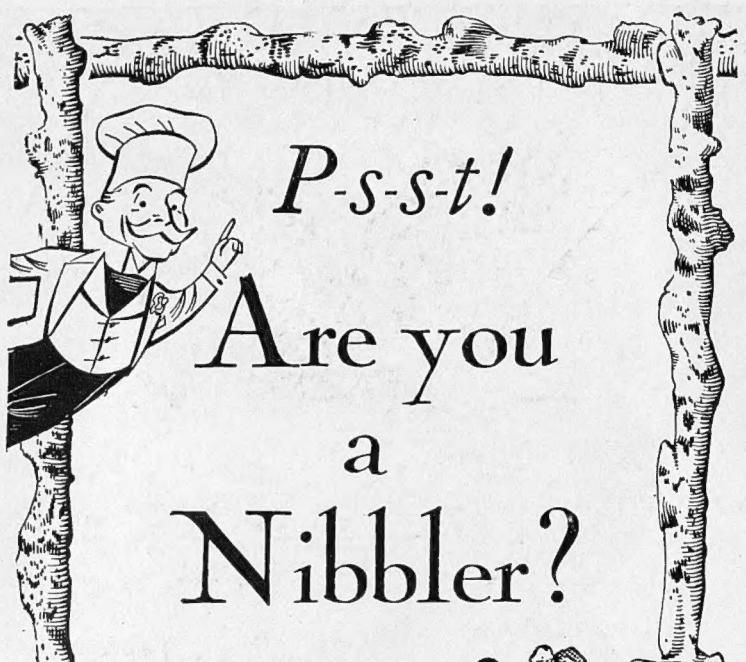
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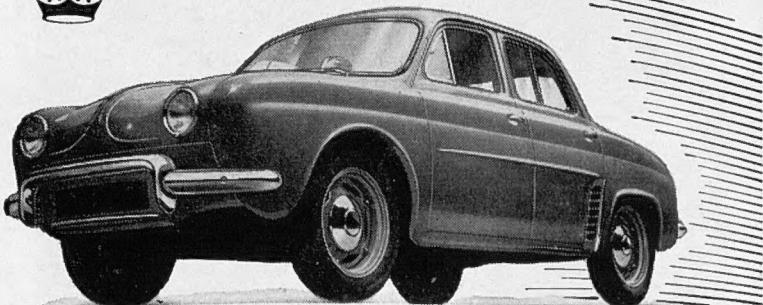
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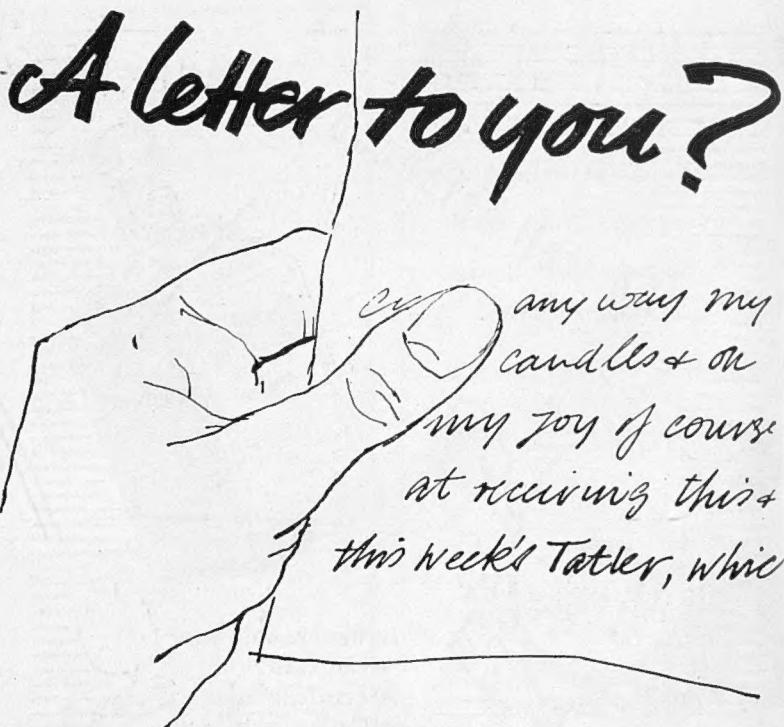
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OCTOBER

Time by the Forelock

IT IS SAFE to say that nobody starts Christmas shopping before October, and that people who do begin it before the month is out are persons of unusual providence. When we meet them—their car laden to the gunwale with parcels, their long, neat list already more than half ticked off—we do not feel for them the admiration they deserve. Why not? They have not stolen a march on us, they have not availed themselves of some privilege which we do not share; all they have done, as far as we are concerned, is helpfully to ensure that, when we hurl ourselves into the fray in mid-December, there will be one less person between us and the counter. And yet—despite all this, despite our better natures—we cannot help being vaguely, mildly annoyed with them. Occasionally those of us who are not irredeemably unmethodical have an impulse to follow their example; we may even get as far as entering a shop and gazing about us in a dynamic and discriminating way. Much good seldom comes of this. We have not got a list, we do not know what we want nor whom we want it for; we lack a plan. Outside the air is still mellow, the twilight of the year not yet upon us. We make some idiotic purchase and withdraw. It is no good meeting trouble halfway, and there are better things to do in October than our Christmas shopping.



Many of the imported commodities which contribute to the Christmas festivities come within the orbit of the Midland Bank even earlier than October. The Bank provides an all-the-year-round service for importers and exporters—as may be seen from the booklet 'Trading Abroad' (free from any branch).

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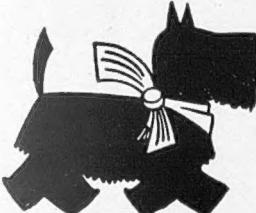
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